

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,  
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Courtesy.*



MONA AND HER MOTHER.

## "WAIT A YEAR."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A YOUNG WIFE'S STORY."

### CHAPTER I.

THE village was named Hillesden, and was situated in one of the Eastern Counties. Part of it nestled in a hollow, and was in places so overshadowed by the wide-spreading branches of tall elm-trees that even in summer a certain dampness

hung about its dusky lanes. Another part of it—and that the healthiest—straggled upwards over an undulating country, where rich meadows and cornfields intermixed sloped hither and thither as far as the eye could reach. The one remarkable feature was the old church, which stood high and alone, its grey walls and dark ivy that clung to them exciting the reverence of the villagers and the admiration of the lovers of the picturesque. About eight minutes' walk from the church was one of the prettiest houses of Hillesden

No. 1410.—JANUARY 4, 1879.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

—the Rectory, whose outward aspect on this bright May morning was particularly fair and beautiful. Within, the Rev. Charles Moreton was eating his breakfast hurriedly—it being, as usual, inconveniently late—and making observations respecting parishioners to be visited, and other work to be done that day, which his elder daughter carefully dotted down in a notebook prepared for the purpose, when a maid entered the room with three letters. After glancing at the envelopes as they lay before him, Mr. Moreton chipped a second egg, and continued his dictation.

"Any news from Edward?" asked a voice from the farther end of the table.

Being answered in the negative, Mrs. Moreton went on placidly sipping her tea; the letters probably referred to parish matters, in which she took no interest. After a few minutes Mr. Moreton put aside his empty cup, and cutting open the cover of the nearest letter, read it with evident satisfaction. "We shall most likely succeed; see, Mona, Mr. Kelly gives us all his votes," he said, handing the welcome paper to his daughter. It was a promise from a wealthy friend in favour of an afflicted child for whom he was endeavouring to procure admission to an asylum for the blind. The contents of the second letter were not so agreeable. They not only chased away the benign expression the other had called forth, but cast a sorrowful shade upon a countenance already worn and delicate. A little printing, many flourishes, and a suspicious line of figures at the side, easily explained the communication. It was a long bill. After looking at the sum total, with a half-suppressed sigh he tossed the paper across the table to his wife, saying, "Pay it at once, my dear. I do not like you to have bills. This seems a high one, but I suppose you know all about it, and are prepared to meet it."

"Not for this," said the lady, colouring deeply as she cast her eye upon the last line of figures. "This is, indeed, more than I expected. There must be some mistake; I could not have spent all that."

"Mark off any error you find, and pay the account at once. You see it dates back some time; it ought not to have run on so long."

Hurriedly at first, and then carefully, Mrs. Moreton examined the items, but could not fix upon an inaccuracy.

"If it must be paid, I shall be obliged to come to you for help; I have not even half the sum in my purse."

The rector, who had risen, approached his wife, and taking back the obnoxious paper, slowly scanned the contents. When he spoke again there was some reproach, though no asperity, in his tone.

"My dear, why will you hamper me with needless expenditure? In our peculiar circumstances it behoves us to be more than commonly careful, for the children's sake. You of all people can easily dispense with adventitious adornment."

The last clause was added just as an ominous frown began to mar one of the loveliest faces that nature had ever made, and very sweet now as it relaxed into a smile at the little compliment intended. But the smile had a little perverseness in its curve, as Mrs. Moreton replied,—

"You said that my dress was in excellent taste when we dined at the Deanery, for which occasion I bought it."

"Did I? Well, I spoke of what pleased the eye, not the judgment, which should decide in a matter of

cost; but as you look well in anything, economy in dress need never grieve you. We both love our children, and feel how all-important it is to provide for them. Though a good boy, Edward's college expenses are heavy. I assure you it is difficult to meet them, and yet it would be still harder to throw away the advantages he has had by not continuing them. You are willing to make some little sacrifices for him?"

"Oh, yes, of course; but I did not think you would grudge me a new dress when I required it. You know there is nothing wasted. I never have a new gown without giving an old one either to Mona or Nita, and that saves buying. As they are shorter than I am, mine makes up very well for them, don't they, girls?"

To this question the reply was not quite so spontaneous as Mrs. Morton wished.

"They do very well, mamma," said the eldest daughter; but the second remained silent. Inheriting some portion of her mother's vanity, Nita would have liked more frequent opportunities of gratifying it. Mr. Morton did not answer his wife's innuendo about grudging; he knew she did not mean it; she was too sweet-tempered with him to bear any real resentment; yet she was of that nature which defends itself by little pin-pricks when a favourite weakness is attacked. Intending to press home the lesson of economy more strongly when she came to him for the money, he turned towards the window with the remaining letter in his hand. The Rectory dining-room was large; indeed, the house was altogether spacious, having been built by some former patron for his own habitation.

Shaking off the transient annoyance caused by her husband's gently expressed disapprobation, Mrs. Moreton passed the next half-hour on the lawn, flitting among her flower-beds, scissors in hand, accompanied by Nita, who carried a basket to receive the flowers as her mother cut them. It was her office to put them in vases and place them where they would be seen to most advantage.

A more severe portion of the domestic duties fell to the share of Mona, she being the active spirit of the family, ever ready to take upon her slender shoulders any burden that was too heavy or too disagreeable for every one else. The right hand and darling of her father, and trained by him to discriminate in things that differ, she had become the general referee. Unconsciously almost both her mother and sister were led by her opinion. She was, besides, Mr. Moreton's constant companion, the one with whom he most freely conversed, so that her mind had imperceptibly taken its colouring from his. In features she resembled her mother, except that her eyes were more expressive. Laid side by side their two photographs were singularly alike, yet you could not be five minutes in the same room with them without feeling that the two characters were widely dissimilar. The delicate bloom on the fair cheeks was the same to a casual observer, but Mona's, with the sensibility of youth, deepened rapidly under any sudden emotion; it would be hard to say where lay the difference in the curve of those rosy lips, yet one countenance gave the idea of weakness, and the other, not of power, perhaps, but of a certain steadfastness of purpose. If fault could be found with a face so attractive, it would be with its seriousness, arising probably from an early initiation into the troubles of others.

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Being the eldest of the family, a certain responsibility early devolved upon her. Independent action, or personality in her tastes and inclinations, was scarcely known to her; all she did or left undone being either to help her mother, please her father, or to promote the interests of Edward and Nita.

With this view her careful home education was completed by sending her at eighteen to an excellent school, where the great stimulus to study had been the help she would be to her parents if able to instruct her sister. The plan succeeded better than those schemes usually do. More womanly than most girls, and setting to work at an age when the mind is most capable of solid improvement, Mona became better qualified for the task of teaching others than the generality of those who undertake it. When Edward went to college she returned home and became her sister's governess, aided now and then by Mr. Moreton. That was two years ago. Nita's studies were but fitful now, pursued chiefly at her own discretion. She was just seventeen, and thought it time to be emancipated from what she termed "lessons;" and, as her mother was of the same opinion, and continually claimed her society, Mona became more and more her father's helper. Very happy they were, these two, bound together by the loving reverence the young heart feels for the object that fills up its ideal of worth and excellence on the one side, and by a harmony of taste as well as a deep affection on the other.

Breakfast over, Mona as usual made preparations to execute the commissions entrusted to her, and, when ready, went to Mr. Moreton's study. It was empty. She next proceeded to the dining-room, and found him sitting close to the window, the letter lying under his hand on his knee, with a pale, ashen hue upon his countenance. Running to him in great alarm, she wound her arm round his neck.

"My dear, darling father, what is the matter, you are ill—you have had bad news? Is anything wrong with Edward? No, you said you had not heard from him. What has happened? What is it?" she asked, pale and terrified at what she saw, her fear all the more distressing from its vagueness.

"Nothing very dreadful, my child," he replied, trying to smile. "In reality I am not unprepared for this; but, my health not being so good as it was, sudden incidents try me a little. What would you, my Mona, say to leaving Hillesden, and beginning life afresh somewhere else? Mr. Sinclair is coming to live here."

A shade of anxious distress flitted across the girl's pure brow as she took the letter her father offered her. She read it twice through, finishing by a careful examination of the signature before raising her eyes. "What will you do?" she whispered, hardly trusting herself to speak.

"What will your mother say?" he replied, the effect of the intelligence upon her appearing to weigh more upon him than any anxiety about himself.

"It is all right you know, Mona; I took the living with the understanding that I was to hold it for Mr. Sinclair at his pleasure. That I have enjoyed it for twelve years ought not to make me unwilling to resign. All things considered, it is strange that he should have left me so long in possession. He does not intend taking it himself for six months more, so we shall pass another summer and autumn in our present beautiful home, and for the rest, God will provide. I fear your mother will be

greatly grieved, yet Mr. Sinclair is only doing his duty, what, in his place, I should have thought it necessary to do long ago. Don't think that I repine, Mona," he added, caressing his daughter, in whose liquid eyes some large drops were gathering, "it is all right, all well, though it may not be easy to persuade my dear wife to think so." He sighed as he spoke, aware that he had before him a task from which most men shrink—that of persuading an *unpersuadable* woman; then sinking his voice into tones of tenderness, he seemed to be pleading for the mother to her child. "We must be patient and gentle with her, Mona. However conveyed, the news will be a great blow. The fact of Mr. Sinclair being about to be instituted to his own living cannot long remain a secret; she must hear the first account from me."

Half-an-hour later Mr. Moreton sought his wife and made her acquainted with the contents of Mr. Sinclair's letter. The effect was pretty much what he expected. Surprised and aggrieved, as well as unreasoning in her displeasure, between sobs and tears she could hardly find words to express her disappointment and vexation. Mr. Moreton was obliged to wait until the storm had a little subsided before he attempted either to argue or console, and even then the effort was something like the vain attempt to weave a rope of sand. That Mr. Sinclair did but take his own again, that it was a right and proper thing for him to do so, and that the real ground of surprise was the long period of inaction in which he had lived, were arguments that had no weight with Mrs. Moreton, and in no degree diminished her sense of the cruelty that deprived her of a happy home, and her husband of an employment in which he delighted.

Mr. Moreton's calm statement of the facts of the case, and his honest desire to make the best of it, only served to exasperate her. The small house to which they would in all probability be condemned, and the thought of the necessarily economical character of their future arrangements, nearly drove her into hysterics.

"How unkind of him, how inconsiderate, to take away the living after leaving us in possession so many years; how unchristian, how ungentleman-like. And what will become of us? I can never be so happy anywhere as at Hillesden."

"We will endeavour to carry our happiness with us wherever we go," observed Mr. Moreton, trying to encourage a little hopefulness in her. "We remain here six months more, and may continue in the Rectory even longer if we desire it. Mr. Sinclair is going to pass the summer and autumn in Switzerland. Besides that, he says he wishes to consult our convenience as much as possible. He does not propose coming to Hillesden until the winter, and even then he gives me the option to remain as his curate, if I have nothing better in view. He is really showing us all the kindness in his power."

"Kindness!" retorted the lady, with as much scorn on her countenance as her pretty lips could express—"defend me from such kindness as that. His curate, too, after having been the rector! Oh, that is very kind, certainly. I am glad you can feel grateful for it."

"But, my dear, we ought to feel grateful," returned Mr. Moreton, firmly. "Have we not had the enjoyment of a beautiful house and a comfortable income for twelve years?"



"Which makes it so hard to give it up now," whined Mrs. Moreton.

"Have we not been able to educate our children, or nearly so? In other circumstances we could not have put Edward to college; now he has but two terms more to keep. Here is Mona, our dear, brave Mona, who will be our joy and comfort whether rich or poor;" and the tender father put out his hand to the young girl, at that moment entering the room, and drew her to his side. If it was not Mr. Moreton's lot to find a helpmate in his wife, he had all the comfort in his daughter that a father could desire. "If I can but continue Edward's college terms," he continued. "It will be difficult, but not impossible. We both wish that."

"Of course I wish it, and many other things too," said Mrs. Moreton, in a peevish tone, as her husband anxiously looked into her face for an answer. "I wish it as much as you do, but how is it to be done, if we have to live in a small house with no money?"

"One state will help the other. Besides, Mr. Sinclair is rich, and from the tone of his letter I infer that he means to be generous. He will probably offer me a liberal stipend."

"And you are willing to be servant where you have been master! How can you be so mean-spirited?" asked Mrs. Moreton, with an energy of passion rare in her placid temperament.

"My dear," returned the rector, gravely, laying his hand on that of his wife, and speaking with a seriousness that arrested her displeasure, "I am only a servant—the unworthy servant of the best of Masters, and He will never leave me while I am faithful in His work, be the time short or long." As the last words passed his lips he slowly left the room for the quiet nook he called his study.

It was a bright sunny day at the end of May when spring is merging into a less variable season, and the air comes fresh and balmy, laden with the promises of summer. Lifting his eyes, for a time he watched with apparent interest the light shadows playing fitfully on the grass-plot before him, as the thin clouds lazily floated in the broad blue sky. But his thoughts were far away.

"Could I have been spared a little longer, just to see my boy well educated and firmly principled before he starts in life," was the thought weighing most heavily on his heart. At that moment a lesson he had so often taught others was eloquently brought home to himself by a loud twittering overhead, caused by a commotion among some half-dozen sparrows, who circled and whirled above the window, chattering in language he could not fail to interpret and translate.

"Are ye not of more value than they?" came the question, which he answered again and again as his eye wandered from flower-bed to flower-bed of the pretty garden, his wife's pride and delight, soon to be hers no more. A clump of white lilies, beautiful in their unsullied purity, arrested his attention. Who clothed them? Would not the same Divine Providence take care of the lilies of his home? He could not doubt it. For Mr. Moreton, though human in his feelings, was Christian in his faith. In a few minutes the longing, lingering look was recalled, the warm tide of natural emotion ebbed back, and the rector, calm and serene, went forth to his daily duties, none the less able to love and sympathise with others that he had gone through a fiery trial himself.

## CHAPTER II.

At the end of May London is at its best, before the glowing ardour of the summer sun falls with blistering heat upon the pavement and sends back into the heavy air the depressing weight of an atmosphere never very elastic. Business or amusement, not yet jaded and tired, fills its thoroughfares by day, and pleasure laughs and dances under sparkling lights and glittering gildings by night. Old heads, not yet *désillusionnés*, dream golden dreams, and young hearts, aglow with indefinite hopes and expectations, weave bright visions wherewith to deck the future, without pausing to look back upon their own experience or that of others, however legibly written. Warren Sinclair, with whom we have to do, did not belong to either class, having reached the prosaic condition of wishing to see things as they really are. Conscious of having been in a measure led to follow the *ignis fatuus* of an imagination suddenly excited, he was now attempting to find his way back to the old paths of sober reflection to which he was more accustomed. He was a bachelor, in the prime of his manhood, and rich—a position too ordinary to mark him out for a hero were it not for the better qualification of being honestly desirous to act up to his conscience, notwithstanding the lions in the way. Much of his life had been spent abroad. When not travelling he was usually to be found in a comfortable *pied-à-terre* in Harley Street, taking a part in the busy doings of the season, but not absorbed by them. He liked society and mixed in it freely, choosing his associates more from among the learned and thoughtful than from the gay and fashionable. His well-cultivated mind rendered him an agreeable companion. If not brilliant he was solid, and whatever the qualities of his heart, they were sufficient to attach warmly those who were admitted to his friendship. A first-rate cook made his dinners, perhaps himself, too, somewhat popular, for, unromantic as it may be, the great motive-power lies too much where Napoleon placed it when he used the blunt unvarnished phraseology that has since passed into a proverb. Mr. Sinclair was also good-natured, allowing his half-brother to entertain particular inmates at his table almost without restriction, and strove in many ways to lessen the inequalities which fortune had made between them. Many fashionable drawing-rooms were open to him, more than he cared to frequent, the prestige of wealth usually securing a warm welcome, even where the hostess has neither daughters nor speculations. In general Mr. Sinclair sat apart conversing with one of his own sex, leaving the other to the *persiflage* and more graceful attractions of his elder brother, Captain Orde.

Children of the same mother, they were in some respects as different in appearance as in circumstances. Captain Orde had little more than his half-pay, while Warren inherited from his father Arkesden Abbey and a large fortune, besides the living of Hillesden, which he had hitherto left in the charge of Mr. Moreton. The tall, elegant figure of Cecil Orde formed a great contrast to his own, which was certainly deficient in grace as well as strength; but the features of both were equally handsome, and Warren's soft grey eye, clear and honest, expressive of sweetness and feeling, gave him a physiognomy both attractive and sympathetic.

The morning that brought Mr. Sinclair's letter respecting the living to Hillesden Rectory found him inditing another on the same subject, in a very different direction. To see his fine face so lined and troubled, as from time to time he lifted his pen from the paper, looking somewhat helplessly about him as if expecting aid from surrounding objects, you would have said at once that he was engaged in a difficult task. And difficult it certainly was, nothing less than an attempt, by some nicety of language, to take the bitter flavour out of an unpalatable resolution. Without any mental indecision on the subject, he yet had much solicitude as to the light in which it might be viewed in another quarter.

During the last six months two events, destined to affect all his future life, had happened to him. The one was but an everyday affair, a mere episode, coming, as some would say, by chance, yet fraught with such important interests that no man in his proper senses would willingly yield so much to a power so capricious. Mr. Sinclair had fallen in love, and he was one to whom such a circumstance would be no transient pastime, nor even the preference of a heart influenced by the judgment. Till the age of thirty-five sentiment had found no place in his thoughts; realities, with their numerous demands and stimulants, had been enough to occupy him. The tenderness natural to his disposition had found its expression in acts of philanthropy and kindness, and had not sought its gratification in the softer emotions, which, by adding the gentler qualities to mental power, often give the *fleur-de-lis* of beauty to manly strength. An over-consciousness of deficiency in personal attractions, without rendering him morose, had made him in youth retiring, and in maturer life some remnant of the same self-depreciation had silently operated in keeping him principally to the society of men. Of women he knew but little, nor had he any inclination to seek them, though when in their company it would have been foreign to his character and instincts to bear himself towards them otherwise than with the gentle chivalry inseparable from true manliness.

Was it that the hour closing his independence had struck, and that he must accept his fate blindfold? or was there some subtle charm in the orange groves and fragrant perfumes of the south that woke his senses to a new phase of existence, before which the past receded as flat, stale, and unprofitable? However explained, the fact remained; the staid, thoughtful Warren Sinclair, enthralled by a novel fascination, found himself idling away his time in a manner he had never done before, and roving hither and thither under a sky of unsullied brightness, where the balmy air swept over sunlit vineyards, where glad voices and bright eyes invited him to take part in the pastimes and pleasures of a continental season. No thought of danger to his liberty occurred to him. Yet for the first time he was drawn into a circle where beauty, soft refinement, and busy idleness paved the way for receiving new impressions, one of which was that this winter residence at Cannes proved the pleasantest portion of his existence. He had travelled much and thought much, but the result had hitherto partaken of the nature of uncultivated fruit, not free from the crudity that nature, unassisted, is apt to produce. The broad, glittering sea, sparkling in the sunshine, or lazily lapping the sandy coast with its blue-tinted waves, lured him away from old associations. Hitherto in his wanderings he had

watched it with a scholar's eye, and plunged into the memories of history. Now the modern life of its northern shore transported him into another world, and one which proved enchanted ground. Warren Sinclair slid into love he knew not how, and was himself surprised, when fully alive to the fact, that he had wooed and won the beauty of the season. But having taken the malady, he bore himself bravely through its different phases. Life grew younger, and where old things did not become new, much of their faded colouring was restored. In his extreme contentment Warren was sometimes guilty of building castles in the air, looking forward to a future not the less dazzling that its promises were still unfamiliar. It was a marvel that he had not earlier discovered how poor and dreary existence is when unbrightened by the ties of affection! For three months he gave himself up without scruple to the enjoyment of every pleasure within his reach, and could have challenged all his acquaintance to point out a happier man.

The second event to which reference has been made, though of a totally different character, had grown out of the first. It was a soft stirring of conscience, slight and almost imperceptible in the commencement, like the languid movement of the leaves on a hot summer's day. Happiness is often a touchstone by which the fundamentals of character are revealed, leading the less worthy into levity and excess, and the nobler-minded to a grateful sense of benefits received and responsibilities incurred. In the fulness of his heart Warren began to cast off a certain crust which, analysed, might be resolved into selfishness and indolence, though he himself knew nothing about it. A glow of general philanthropy followed, making him desirous to find some means of testifying his gratitude for the change that had come upon him. Before long the way was traced for him in an unexpected manner.

Most of us have now and then been brought under the influence of some sudden and powerful impression from scenes or words long familiar to the outward senses though silent to all beside. There are special moments when a veil is lifted and our eyes gaze into a new world of which we were before in ignorance. Such a circumstance befell Warren Sinclair.

If he did not preach sermons, he was in the habit of hearing them, listening Sunday after Sunday with unruffled complacency, until one memorable day. It was the same preacher, the same voice, the same tone, yet Mr. Sinclair heard something that pierced him to the quick. "Why standest thou all the day idle? Son, go work to-day in my vineyard."

The words followed him through the olive yards as he sauntered under their grey shadow, they mingled with the accents of his betrothed as she lightly criticised the sermon, and accompanied him home to his hotel and his pillow. They came back to his ears in the stillness of the night, startled away sleep, and sent his mind wandering among the mazes of his past life, or oscillating among new schemes for the future. And this day after day, the echoes becoming louder and louder until he could no longer refuse to listen, nor render their signification less imperative by any special pleading of his own. It was no satisfactory argument that, when engaging himself to Helen Lestocq, he never contemplated taking up his orders or departing from the habits of past years. He intended her to choose her home, and only felt solicitous to render it worthy of one so

beautiful. Arkesden Abbey, the noble inheritance received from his father, was let, being too large for a bachelor's occupation, and the lease was not half run out. Of that she was aware, and had been more than willing to reside abroad until the abbey should be vacant. How would the change he now contemplated affect her? In early days, when Helen's smiles were most new, though not most dear, she had acknowledged his profession, then hardly more than nominal, to be a drawback upon her happiness; and this frank confession, so often in his mind, formed the first link in the chain of thought that ultimately led him to the most important decision of his life. In order to explain the repugnance he saw reason to fear, he was obliged to think, and think deeply. Once launched into the subtle question of motives, he was led on from one point to another until he stood where he could neither recede nor advance without, as he apprehended, causing pain to her or damage to himself. Unable to trifle with conscience, even in its feeble flutterings, he resolved to be freed for a time from an influence that might be hurtful, and to be firmly settled in his own mind before running the risk of disturbing their mutual relations.

Under the plea of having serious matters to engage his attention, he left Cannes when the spring had a little advanced, and came to England. That was in the beginning of April. The end of May saw the result of his deliberations in the letter sent to Mr. Moreton, and in the one he was now inditing to Helen Lestocq for the purpose of making known the change that had taken place in his views, of which, for wise reasons, he had deferred the communication until remonstrance was useless. He was not the less anxious about the consequences. Slowly, very slowly travelled the pen across the paper, stopping frequently while he selected a less obnoxious word or pared something away from the sentence. At the end of a longer space of time than he was wont to give to pages far more lengthy than the present, he finished his letter, which no care or effort could render otherwise than abrupt.

"My dearest Helen,—If the purport of these few lines takes you entirely by surprise I shall be obliged to reflect upon myself for not having earlier given you an insight into the feelings that have been working in my mind. And yet I acted with deliberation. It appeared to me unwise to open the subject until all doubt and hesitation were at an end. When you promised me your hand it was to share a life which then had no particular aim or object beyond living happily together, without reference to the duties to which I was naturally pledged before I knew you. I refer to my ordination vows. It is not necessary, even were I able to do so, to place before you the process of reasoning which has brought me to feel it impossible any longer to ignore them. I must take my post in the ranks of God's ministers and give myself to His service. I must henceforth labour in the vineyard in which I have so long been a loiterer. It is my intention to apply to the Bishop for institution to the living of Hillesden, which a very worthy man has been holding for me for some years. I propose taking possession about Christmas-time. I can believe that this communication, so different from the expectations you have hitherto entertained, may be disturbing at first, but it will, I trust, gain your sympathy after a little reflection. To live for ourselves alone, my darling, would not be happiness.

Neither mind nor heart could long be satisfied to take our Master's gifts and render Him no return, whereas they may be doubled, both in value and enjoyment, by being consecrated to His service. Oh, Helen! my dear Helen, you must surely feel that I offer you a nobler lot than I offered before. Be convinced that any one, faithless to the highest sense of duty, must be unworthy of you. I will do all in my power to please you, everything that is permitted to me. I long for the opportunity of proving the sincerity of my love, and how truly I am, yours devotedly,

WARREN SINCLAIR."

The writing finished, Mr. Sinclair drew a heavy sigh, and threw himself back in his chair. He did not like his letter, and misdoubted its effect, though the honesty of his character obliged him to make known his present sentiments without disguise. It would be such a blow to lose this brilliant creature, who had already brought joy and music into his life, hitherto cold and silent. Without owning exactly that such a contingency existed, his heart sank very low within him. After having found her voice so sweet, her smiles so bewitching, her approbation so dear, without Helen he must ever be conscious of a great void. He had almost wished he had never known her, yet, even before the vague thought could take a definite form he condemned his own cowardice, and blamed himself for distressing the worthiness and truth of one who had not only listened to his vows, but pledged her own.

"We should not have been happy long had I decided otherwise," he mused, as he fastened down the envelope. "We are both made of stuff that could not subside into idleness or frivolity."

## "WHEN GEORGE THE THIRD WAS KING."

### CHAPTER I.—THE BEGINNING OF A LONG REIGN.\*

ON the morning of the 25th October, 1760, the old Court suburb of Kensington was thrown into a state of unusual consternation by the news of the death of George II. A death at seventy-seven years of age can scarcely be regarded as sudden or unexpected; in this case, however, it was really very sudden. He rose in the morning of the day at his usual hour of six, took his usual cup of chocolate, inquired about the wind, being anxious about the foreign mails. He then seems to have been left alone, when, almost immediately after, his servant in waiting heard a heavy fall, a deep sigh, a groan

\* Innumerable huge volumes have been devoted to the transactions of the reign of George III, but, behind these, the monarch himself passes almost into obscurity, and the bulky volumes of Adolphus, Walpole, Belshaw, Bissett, and other such historians, convey little idea of the personal character, or information as to the private life of the king. His reign was, indeed, singularly interesting; but the monarch was an exceedingly interesting person too, and it is from the sense that he is but little known, and that his character has very seldom been fairly appreciated, we attempt this, which still can only be a hasty and imperfect review of a life so long and so eventful. His memory has also suffered from a variety of causes. The ribald verse of Dr. Wolcott—"Peter Pindar"—was constantly employed to hold up the sovereign to ridicule. Wolcott was an impudent and disappointed time-server, whose imperty and impurity had unfitted him for service in the Church, and he took out his revenge in laughable obscenities and satires upon his king. The despotic efforts of the ministers in the earlier years of his reign soon clouded those years with unpopularity; and for many long years before its entire close the acts of the Government, beneath the Regency, seem to lend additional darkness to the unhappy time. Thus the memory of a good man has very undeservedly suffered. We of course shall pass by the more especially political aspects, and only seek to illustrate the domestic character of George III.



issuing from the room; the king was on the floor, blood trickling from his forehead; the right ventricle of the heart had burst, and he had cut his head against a bureau in the act of falling. His daughter, the Princess Amelia, was instantly sent for before the attendants had closed the eyes of the dead king; but the princess was very deaf and near sighted, she had not realised that death had for ever sealed the lips of her father; she thought he spoke to her, and bent down, hoping to catch some of his last words, and so discovered that he was dead. George II had reigned over England thirty-three years, having ascended the throne in 1727. Perhaps the best that can be said of him, and that is really not a little to say, is that he never invaded the rights of the nation, or offensively urged his own prerogative; while the Protestant succession was assuredly strengthened and made more secure by his government. About this time his death had, however, been confidently expected by multitudes of the people. As Lord Chesterfield writes, "for a very good reason,—the oldest lion in the Tower, much about the king's age, died about a fortnight ago. This extravagancy, I assure you," continues his lordship, "was believed by many above the common people." The Prince of Wales, henceforth to be known as George III, was the grandson of George II, and now aged twenty-two; for a period of sixty years, through many vicissitudes, public and private, he was to wear the crown. Even through some sad intervening periods, when his feeble hands were unequal to grasp the sceptre of sovereignty, his is the longest reign as yet, and perhaps the most eventful in the British annals. On this morning the young prince was riding alone on horseback from his palace at Kew to London, to give some directions concerning an organ which was being built for him. The last recreation of the blind and deaf old king was the first enjoyment of the buoyant and hopeful young man. On his way he was met by a man, also on horseback, who gave into his hands "a piece of coarse white-brown paper." These were his own words, in which, at a distant period, he described the eventful circumstance. The paper bore the name of a well-known valet of the late king.

This mode of conveying the intelligence will not seem very remarkable when it is remembered that the young king was not the favourite son of his mother, and he had not been on very good terms with his grandfather; and even George III, to the latest day of his power of conscious recollection, appears never to have forgotten a blow he received from the king in one of the rooms of Hampton Palace. At this moment, young as he was, he acted in such a manner as to win for himself the commendations of Horace Walpole, one seldom disposed to be a kindly critic of the conduct of any person, "for a behaviour throughout of the greatest propriety, dignity, and decency."

He did not hurry on to Kensington; he returned, without assigning any reason, to Kew, there to await more distinct information, which soon arrived from his aunt, the Princess Amelia. The next day he was proclaimed king. There had been but little sympathy between himself and his predecessor, but the manner in which he carried out all the wishes of George II is worthy of the highest praise. In similar circumstances, the late king had destroyed his father's will, as it contained some particulars which he judged inimical to his interests. During the entire time in which the old king lay dead, until his

burial, the young man transferred all honours given himself to the departed sovereign.

George III was born in Norfolk House, St. James's Square, London, June 4th, 1738. Norfolk House was not the present mansion bearing that name; that was pulled down in 1742, and the present house was erected on its site. The father of George III died when his eldest son was eleven years old, and then he became the heir-apparent to a king who was sixty-seven. His education was singularly neglected. The education of kings has often been neglected, and especially in those very particulars which are supposed to be so absolutely essential even to the mere machinery of communication with men, not to speak of those higher attainments which give width to knowledge and nerve to thought. Dr. Francis Ayscough, afterwards Dean of Bristol, was appointed his preceptor at seven years of age; and we have a letter from him to Dr. Doddridge, dated February 16th, 1745, in which he says: "I must tell you that Prince George, to his honour and my shame, has learned several pages from your little book of verses without any directions from me." Yet Dr. Ayscough seems to have been undoubtedly remiss in his attendance upon all his duties with reference to the prince, and however, at seven years of age, he might have learned Dr. Doddridge's verses, it is certain that at eleven he could not read English well. His education was not only defective, it was marked and misdirected on principle by those who were about him. It was remarkable that efforts were made to bias his mind towards the Jacobite faction, and it is probable that it was with reference to the utterance of some such opinions that George II, in a moment of ungovernable rage, struck his grandson. The high-spirited youth resented it, and, as we have said, the future king never forgot it. "I wonder," said the late Duke of Sussex, while passing through the apartments at Hampton Court, "in which of these rooms it was that George II struck my father!" The blow so disgusted him with the place that he could never afterwards be induced to think of it as a residence. This early anecdote is very characteristic at once of the narrowness of his nature, which forbade him to forget, and the high spirit and conscious rectitude which could retain the sense of the indignity so long.

From his earliest years, before his ascension to the throne, the prince was remarkable at once for modesty, scrupulous rectitude, and good sense. He was always shrewd, and even in those days, when surrounded by flatterers, he was in the habit of saying, "if he were not what he was, flatterers would pay no attention to him; they paid no court to his brother only because he had no chance to be king." He passed safely through all the temptations from the high ladies of the Court, and only one scandal, through a long life of eighty-two years, has ever touched the character of George III, and this only to glance aside as utterly destitute of truth. The story of Hannah Lightfoot, the fair Quakeress, is not worthy of a moment's attention; it may always be veiled in some obscurity. Mr. Jesse has told the story copiously, so far as a mere myth, or legend, can be told; but there seems little that can give to it all the aspect of probability, and a life so singularly high-principled and pure ought to be exempted from the remotest suspicion which can attach to it from surmises built out of surmises, and possibilities shadowed forth from doubts. Assuredly, those tales

which represent the Prince of Wales as married at Kew to Hannah Lightfoot—above all other witnesses in the world—in the presence of Mr. Pitt, afterwards the great Earl of Chatham, carry, one should think, their own very sufficient confutation. Pitt a witness to such a marriage is too ludicrous a juxtaposition to be entertained for a moment by any save the most prurient dreamers of mysteries and romances. There was a young lady who probably threw some enthrallment round the heart of the young monarch, Lady Sarah Lennox, sister of the Duke of Richmond. Her personal loveliness was of the highest order. Horace Walpole says, "Correggio never painted a face half so lovely and expressive; and," he continues, "in my opinion, the king had thoughts of her as a wife." We may be sure her family would have been very glad to see such a match as would have opened an avenue to their highest ambitions. Nor were there any barriers in those times to such a marriage, excepting the barrier which must always exist between a sovereign and a subject. There were no objections arising from any absolute inequality of rank—nay, perhaps there were reasons which might have made the match a healing and wise one, for Lady Sarah was the last surviving great-granddaughter of Charles II; and thus, had young affections been permitted to fulfil themselves unchecked, the races of the Stuarts and of Hanover might again have mingled into one. Thus for a little while we read of meetings not unknown to young hearts, and which old ones sometimes like to contemplate in order that they may renew their own youth.

Lady Sarah was staying at Holland House, the residence of her ambitious brother-in-law, Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, not far from St. James's. On fine summer mornings the young king often turned his horse's head in the direction of some fields in the neighbourhood, in the expectation of exchanging a few words with the beautiful young girl who was engaged in the idyllic occupation of hay-making. The hopes of her family were excited to the highest pitch; the Princess-Dowager and Lord Bute, who had superseded Pitt in the administration, were smitten with surprise and fear in the presence of such a disastrous possibility. Here would be a fatal triumph for the great Whig lords! The king sent her messages when she was leaving London; he hoped "she would return for the coronation; but," continued he, "they talk of a wedding. There have been many proposals, but I think an English match would do better than a foreign one. Pray tell Lady Sarah so!" But kings cannot dispose of these affairs usually after their own desires, excepting in the manifestation of that admirable self-command which the king in this instance undoubtedly exhibited. The passion seems scarcely to have been a short-lived one. It is said—but probably that is only a fancy—that those who watched his countenance upon the occasion of his actual marriage remarked some agitating emotions there when the Archbishop of Canterbury came to those words in the service, "As Thou didst send Thy blessing upon Abraham and Sarah to their great comfort, so vouchsafe to send Thy blessing upon these Thy servants." It perhaps did not diminish the awkwardness of the moment that the Lady Sarah was standing immediately near as one of the bridesmaids. Even long years afterwards, when at the theatre during one of the performances of a very charming actress, Mrs. Pape, whose face and manners were thought to bear a strong resemblance to those

of Lady Sarah, the old recollections swept over the king; the presence of the queen and the surrounding attendants was forgotten, and, in a moment of melancholy abstraction, he exclaimed, "She is very like Lady Sarah still!" Lady Sarah, it may be mentioned, married twice, first Sir Charles Bembury, and afterwards the Honourable George Napier, by whom she became the mother of Sir William Napier, the well-known author of the "History of the Peninsular War," and of his equally celebrated brother, Sir Charles. She survived the king, and died in 1826, at the advanced age of eighty-two.

Such was the little episode which led to the hurrying on arrangements for the marriage of the young king, and his mind was understood to have been directed to the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz by Frederick the Great. In fact, the young lady had written to Frederick a letter, when she was but sixteen years and a half old, apparently entirely at her own dictation, bringing before him, in very vigorous and pathetic language, the condition to which his wars had reduced the Palatinate of Mecklenburg; it is impossible to read it even now without being impressed by its beauty, strength, and truth. Frederick is understood to have forwarded this letter or a copy of it to the Princess of Wales. Lady Sarah was out of the question, and the young king feeling that he must yield to the dictates of State, and marry, said, when he read this impulse of a generous nature, to Lord Hertford, "This is the lady for my consort; here are lasting beauties, and surely the man who has any mind may feast and not be satiated. If the disposition of the princess but equal her refined sense, I shall be happy." So the obscure princess was astonished one day by the arrival of ambassadors from England to her father's little Court; the arrangements were soon made, and the king's hand accepted. Horace Walpole, in his cynical way, says, "He believed there were not six men in England who knew that such a princess existed." And he wrote again, "The handkerchief has been tossed a vast way; it is to one Charlotte, Princess of Mecklenburg. Lord Harcourt is to be at her father's Court, if he can find it, on the 1st of August, and the coronation of both their Majesties is fixed for the 22nd of September." Astonishing must have been the change to her; young ladies should take care what letters they write when such possible issues hang upon their pens. Her young days had passed, hitherto, in utter retirement, and she always loved to refer to them when talking to Mrs. Delany and other friends in her advanced age. She described herself as a simple German girl, dressed, with her sisters, during the week, only in a *robe-de-chambre*, except on Sundays, when she put on her best gown to attend Divine Service, and was permitted a State ride; and sometimes she would produce the jewels she wore, garnet earrings and strings of beads sewn on a plate, which, as she said, "a housemaid of these days would despise." On the voyage she proved herself a fair sailor, and whilst the Duchesses of Ancaster and Hamilton, who were sent to escort her, and who were regarded as the most beautiful women in England, were sick through the whole journey, she occupied herself with singing the old hymns of Luther and of her native church. On the 7th September she landed on the British shores, and moved through the country, after the slow fashion of those days, through torrents of acclamations and exhibitions of general enthusiasm.

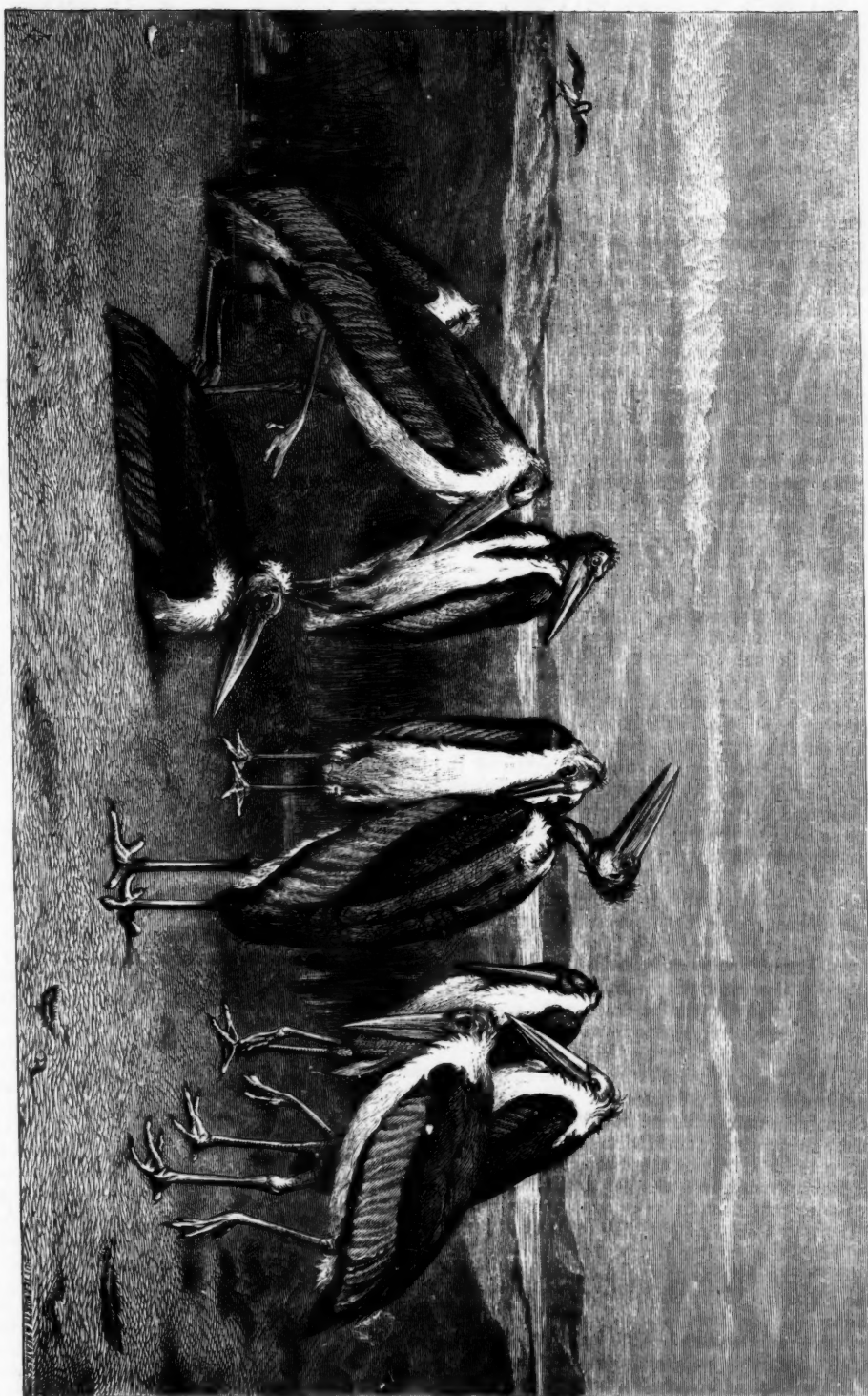


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*From the Painting by H. Stacey Marks, A.R.A., in the Exhibition of 1878.*

CONVOCATION.





## UTOPIAN EXPERIMENTS AND SOCIAL PIONEERINGS.

BY THE REV. M. KAUFMANN, M.A., AUTHOR OF "SOCIALISM: ITS NATURE, ITS DANGERS, AND ITS REMEDIES CONSIDERED."

### I.—COMMUNISM OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS AND THE ESSENES.

IN a former series of papers we have endeavoured to bring before our readers the theories of social reformers, and have followed them in their adventurous intellectual flights to ideal regions and the romantic descriptions of imaginary societies. In the present series we propose to examine some of the most important experiments made from time to time to carry the theory into practice and to realise the schemes of social improvement propounded by philosophers in actual life. We shall pass in review the various Communistic institutions which have been established from time to time, having for their object social combination on the principles of simplicity of life, equality of fortune, and a diffusion of contented happiness, in short, "fraternal union among men for industrial purposes, a working in common for the common good."

In doing so we shall have occasion to point out how far theory and practice agree, and to what extent the reality of things differs from the imaginary states of society painted in such glowing colours by the writers of Utopias.

Remembering the ancient adage, *experientia docet* (experience teaches), we shall be able to draw our conclusions on the feasibility or impracticability of Socialistic institutions from the results obtained in such efforts, and thus a review of Communistic societies past and present will supply the materials for a critique on the theory itself, as far as we are able to judge, of the design of the plan from its execution.

Now practice always precedes theory, as language precedes grammar. Therefore we are compelled to go back for the realisation of Utopias to times and events before Utopias were written. We shall, then, begin with the Communism of the early Christians and the Essenes, and proceed in tracing the rise and progress of various Communisms down to the present day.

There were Communistic societies before then, but under totally different circumstances. The Cretans and the Spartans, among others, for example, had a Communistic institution, and Madame Roland, a fervent admirer and a victim of the French Revolution, even shed tears because she was not destined to live in Sparta under these conditions. But the equality practised there was only an equality of free citizens. Slaves had to do the greater share of the work in the State whilst their masters consumed equally the produce of their labour. When Christianity "gave a new turn to the life of our race," socially by the abolition of slavery, which followed as one of the most startling results of its indirect influences, it established a principle of equality which included the slave as well as the freeman. Moreover, the moral enthusiasm which springs from religious convictions as a prime motor in all social organisation and reform, exercised

a powerful influence on European society with the rise and diffusion of Christianity throughout the Roman Empire. It is well, therefore, to confine ourselves, in our comparative view of Communistic societies, to such as have been founded since the Christian era, since all these are influenced more or less by the same religious convictions, and similar moral standards and external conditions arising therefrom.

It has been pointed out again and again that Christianity appeared first in the Roman Empire torn asunder by social class divisions, amid distress and despair among the masses of the people, "as the ideal of popular hope and longing," and that in a rotten state of society, disturbed by Socialistic agitation, it held out the promises of "an immense renovation and transformation of things."

The gulf between rich and poor, a small minority monopolising all the wealth of the empire whilst the people were living in abject poverty, threatened then, as it does now, to bring about a serious social disruption, and, as a matter of fact, the social question for several centuries before the birth of Christ was sapping the very foundation of the colossal power of Rome. A hundred years before Christ all the property of Rome was shared by 2,000 families, "the magnates of birth and commerce;" the rest consisted of poor freemen to the amount of a million and a quarter, mainly paupers depending for their livelihood on public largesses, whilst forty in every hundred of the population were probably slaves. The ownership of land was confined to a small number of proprietors, and the soil was cultivated by bands of unfree labourers, who were often treated most cruelly by their masters. The class of small farmers, no longer able to enter into competition with the owners of vast lands, disappeared, and their holdings became the pleasure garden of the rich purchaser. Usury and mercantile speculation spread ruin among all but the rich capitalists. As to the people of the dependencies and colonies, the Roman satirist remarks, "We devour nations to the very sinews." The farmers and collectors of taxes, on account of their private and public rapacity, became the most abhorred class of Roman officials. The wealth extorted from the provinces increased the chasm between a bloated plutocracy and the impoverished proletarians in the capital. A fortune of £15,000 was considered small in a senator, and the dowry of £12,500, given by Scipio Africanus to his daughter, was regarded as very insignificant. Cicero had only a fortune of £150,000, and the King of Cappadocia owed to Pompey alone five times that sum, whilst the landed property of Crassus was valued at £1,600,000. This enormous increase of wealth among a few led to effeminate luxury and the waste of large fortunes in a single feast, whilst penury and privation became the lot of millions of

free and unfree labourers, whose destitute condition was only mitigated and their thoughts diverted by dispensing among them "bread and games" (*panem et circenses*).

"A more repulsive picture can hardly be imagined," says Professor Beesley, in his description of Roman society of the day. "A mob, a moneyed class, and an aristocracy almost equally worthless, hating each other and hated by the rest of the world. . . . Swarms of slaves beginning to brood over revenge as a solace to their sufferings; the land going out of cultivation; native industry swamped by slave-grant impost; the population decreasing; the army degenerating; wars waged as a speculation, but only against the weak; provinces subjected to organised pillage; in the metropolis, childish superstition, wholesale luxury, and monstrous vice. The hour for reform was surely come."<sup>\*</sup>

Nothing but a radical change could save society from utter ruin. Christianity appeared as the great regenerating principle to renovate the Roman world. The oppressed, the slave, the weary, and the heavy laden found comfort in the religion which taught mankind fraternal love. The stern, hard, selfish world was arrested on its reckless course of self-indulgence by S. Paul's voice from his Roman prison, admonishing, "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others."

Christianity in teaching the gospel to the poor changed the face of the ancient world.

The young enthusiasm, like the new wine put into old bottles, threatened to burst the old society; and one of the earliest manifestations of fraternal love and self-denying devotion to the cause of humanity was the short-lived voluntary Communism of the primitive Christians.

In speaking, however, of the Communism of the early Christians in its bearing on latter developments of Communism, it has to be remembered that Christian Communism of the Apostolic age was *voluntary*, and the outcome of self-denying love of the brethren, and in this point differed essentially from the Communism taught in the present day, which demands equality enforced by a central authority, and so far from inculcating a spirit of self-denial requires equal means for the self-indulgence of all.

Still it remains an interesting question to discuss what inferences may be drawn from the fact that in the Church of Jerusalem there existed a community of goods, enjoying Apostolic sanction, approved of in patristic writings during the next four centuries, and serving more or less as a pattern for drawing up the social constitutions of several monastic orders and other religious fraternities up to and beyond the time of the Reformation.

Modern Communists, with their sympathisers, affirm that Communism was the natural outcome of the Law of Equality implied in Christ's teaching.† They ascribe the fact of this practice falling into desuetude to the later ambition and worldliness of the Church growing up with her rising power, more especially after her official recognition as the State religion of the Roman Empire. After this, they say, the Church in her alliance with wealth and grandeur rapidly departed from the simplicity of the gospel,

and consoled herself in the acquisition of temporal aggrandisement for her disappointment in the long-deferred hope of a final "restitution of all things."

On the other hand the defenders of property against Communism (which in their opinion is "a mutiny against society") deny, or endeavour to explain away, the fact of the Church ever having sanctioned officially, or her Founder ever having recommended implicitly, such a custom as that of "having all things in common."

As a matter of fact we may say, with one of the impartial Church historians, "The community in Jerusalem growing out of the Society of the Apostles, who were accustomed already to the common-purse system, hit upon the daring plan of establishing a community of goods. And this was fostered by the first outburst of enthusiastic brotherly love, being all the more readily accepted in consequence of the prevailing expectation among the disciples of the approaching subversion of all things."

Following out this line of thought, we may safely assume that the Communism practised by the early Church was not so much a rigid logical deduction from the teaching of Christ as it was the result of spontaneous "Love of the Brethren," all united by the same common bond, and all equally ready to devote their goods and possessions to the common welfare.

One great idea was ever before the minds of this small band of early Christians—the great coming catastrophe, "the end of all things," as close at hand. The affairs of this world, possessions and station, were therefore regarded by them as of secondary importance on the eve of such a momentous crisis.

The Master Himself had left no definite instructions as to the future social organisation of His "little flock." It had been His plan all along to lay down general principles, to be worked out in the course of time, rather than to prescribe definite lines of conduct under given circumstances. His kingdom was not of this world. He left no political creed for His followers. During His ministerial life He had given many indications of deep sympathy with the poor and oppressed; but He had never encouraged any direct attempts towards the material reconstruction of society as such. He recognised the existing state of things, and tolerated the unsatisfactory condition of prevalent modes of life, not, however, without pointing to the root of the evil, expressing His own abhorrence of the degeneracy of the times, and attacking in terms of withering indignation the class-pride of the wealthy and privileged sections of society. The ideal of a perfect society was ever held up by Him before the minds of His most intimate disciples. No plan, however, for realising this ideal in an ecclesiastical polity of His own design was actually adopted. The gradual formation of the new society was left to the working out of tendencies, the "new heaven" which was to reform character, and thus indirectly *society*.

The "sacredness of the money-bag," as the Socialist Lassalle sneeringly calls it, is not upheld in the gospel. On the contrary, wealth and pomp are regarded with contempt as compared with "the pearl of great price." On the other hand, the "patrimony of the poor" is not to be restored by means of Socialistic reform, but in due course of time by moral influences and a gradual tendency towards a temporal restitution of all things. In the meanwhile the rich are to bridge over the gulf between

\* A. H. Beesley, "The Gracchi, Marius, and Sulla," p. 21.

† "Jesus Christ Himself not only proclaimed, preached, and prescribed Communism as a consequence of fraternity, but practised it with His apostles."—Cabet, "Voyage en Icarie," p. 567.



Dives and Lazarus by supplying from their own superfluities the needs of the destitute. "If thou wilt be perfect," says Jesus to the well-disposed young man of property, "go and sell all that thou hast, and give it to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven" (St. Matthew xix. 21). The poor are affectionately invited to find alleviation of their trials in the consolations of the new faith, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (St. Matthew xi. 28).

The parable of the Talents points out the way how all, in proportion to their *individual* endowments, may promote their temporal and spiritual interests.

The sanctity and dignity of labour as a duty, both of the highest and the lowest, is indirectly enforced by the example of Christ Himself, who before His public ministry was engaged in industrial work.

In all this we see only the well-balanced sympathies with all classes, and the correcting influences of a judicious reformer, maintaining a neutral position; one who fully comprehends the needs of His own age, and applies cautiously the remedies of His own Divine *Therapeutics* to individuals here and there, in preference to propounding revolutionary theories for the reconstruction of society.

It is not from the great Master, then, that the Communistic scheme of the early Church was derived, although we cannot help avowing that there was nothing either in His teaching or practice to discourage its adoption.

What, then, gave the first impulse to a system introduced by the disciples without the express command of their Lord, and presently discontinued when its practicability was discovered to be less than doubtful? We have already above expressed the opinion that the practice in question originated in the common-purse system prevailing among the disciples during our Lord's ministry, and that after His departure it was extended over the whole body of Christian society. We may add that perhaps this was done by way of unconscious imitation of a body of religious mystics tolerably well known at the time, the Essenes.

It is tolerably certain, indeed, that this Jewish sect of ascetics was not in any way historically connected with the Apostolic Church. Still there were some points of contact between the two. The high moral standard of the Essenes, their Puritan contempt of this world, their monastic rigour in the pursuit of godliness, and their love of contemplative seclusion, would naturally attract the attention and gain the respect (distant may be) of the early Christians. There is, therefore, no strong improbability in the supposition that the Christian Church in her first organisation was more or less influenced by the modes of social life peculiar to this confraternity.

Theoretically, according to Philo, the Essenes regulated their conduct upon these three principles: *Love God, love virtue, love mankind*. Practically, they, like the early Christians, despised wealth, and considered vows of poverty to be acceptable to God. "It is a law among them," says Josephus, "that those who come to them must let what they have be common to the whole order, inasmuch, that among them all there is no appearance of poverty or excess of riches, but every one's possessions are intermingled with every other's possessions, and so there is, as it were, *one patrimony among all the brethren*."<sup>\*</sup>

<sup>\*</sup> Josephus: B. J., Book II. chap. viii. § 3.

There is nothing improbable in the conjecture that this peculiarity was copied in a measure by the early Christians, nor is it in any way derogatory to the prestige of the early Church to have been influenced in this matter by the least corrupt and most respectable body of religionists among God's ancient people.

Renunciation and simple forms of life were the leading tenets both of the Essenes and the Hebrew Christians. Hence they adopted a social polity similar, if not identical, in form and aim.

In other respects the early Christians differed from the Essenes, but of the existing Jewish sects it was towards the latter that the Church of Jerusalem would be most likely gravitating, both in the theory and practice of common life.

Thus the experiment was tried of establishing a "Commonwealth of Love." But the plan failed. After an ephemeral existence the attempt had to be abandoned, just as the ideals of our youth are shattered by the stern realities of riper experience.

But although "this first heroic effort against selfishness," and in favour of remodelling society on a simple basis, proved nugatory, the idea of a thorough social reformation in the Church, and by the Church, has not been lost sight of, but has been cherished ever since by devout and noble souls at different periods of Church history. We have glimpses of it in the early Fathers (to which allusion will be made further on); it has found a full expression in the constitution of the monastic orders and heretical sects, founded during the middle ages. It was again revived during the stormy periods of the Reformation and the Revolution, and is being carried into effect at this very moment in a modified form among the Moravians, and almost literally among those transatlantic, semi-religious Communistic societies described in a recently published volume of Mr. Nordhoff.

M. Rénan would supply a reason for this recurrence to common modes of life on the pattern of the early Christian community, notwithstanding baffled attempts and crushing disappointments. He maintains the theory that the wants which the first attempt of the Church at Communism represents will last eternally. And he even ventures to predict the final realisation of the idea itself. "The psalm, 'Behold how good and joyful a thing it is, brethren, to dwell together in unity!' has ceased to be ours. But when modern individualism has borne its last fruits; when humanity, dwarfed, dismal, impuissant, shall return to great institutions and their strong discipline; when our paltry shop-keeping society—I say, rather when our world of pigmies—shall have been driven out with scourges by the heroic and idealistic portions of humanity—then *life in common* will be realised again as much as ever."

We feel instinctively that after all we have here only the reiteration of the same undefined longings and yearnings of our common humanity, a seeking after that something which in the moments of our unselfish (some will say unthinking) reveries we muse over, but which in the still calmer hours of rational reflection we know to be only a delightful dream. For so long at least as human beings continue to be constituted as they are now, and the struggle for existence remains still the rule of life, a hope of universal equality must continue to be a poetic fancy, and the ideal of a perfect society on Communistic principles an unattainable aspiration.

We have seen that the Communism of the early

Christians was the result of religious ardour, the first fruits, so to speak, of the newly embraced faith manifesting itself in a premature attempt at social reform. We must proceed to account for its disappearance.

It broke down even in the case of the small society of the "Poor Saints" in Jerusalem. And why? Because an equal share in the property of all demands an equal amount of character, labour, and skill of all in return. But as these are not forthcoming, continued loss ensues, and final ruin follows when all the available surplus of accumulated capital is consumed "among so many," not to speak of "idleness, selfishness, and unthrift," the three formidable rocks on which any ordinary Communistic society would probably founder.

As a transitory measure during the short epoch of religious enthusiasm it deserves our respect, but the principle proved inapplicable to the condition of the Church and the world upon further trial. As Dean Milman justly remarks, speaking of the Communism of the Essenes as compared with that of the Christians, "Such a system, however favourable to the maintenance of certain usages and opinions within a narrow sphere, would have been fatal to the aggressive and comprehensive spirit of Christianity; the vital and conservative principle of a sect, it was inconsistent with an universal religion; and we cannot but admire the wisdom which avoided a precedent so attractive, as conducing to the immediate prosperity, yet so dangerous to the ultimate progress of the religion."<sup>\*</sup>

But although the practice of Communism for practical reasons was given up, or died a natural death, there still remains the spiritual, the living principle, underlying this effete practice of the early Church, the leading idea which survived that ephemeral phase of primitive Christian society.

The noble idea underlying that system is the "great secret" of Christ's religion, the unpalatable doctrine of unselfishness and self-sacrifice; or, in our modern phraseology, it is the doctrine of *Altruism* as opposed to *Egoism*; in a higher sense, the principle of Christian Socialism as opposed to un-Christian Individualism—not the Socialism of the Socialists, but the social theory formulated by St. Paul in his Epistle to the Philippians: "*Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others.*" Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus." This principle still remains in force, that all our possessions, as well as all our gifts, are to be held in trust for the general good of all—a principle essentially and distinctively Christian."

This spirit of love and brotherhood is being more and more understood in the present day. Hence the great Communistic principle, "All for each and each for all," is practically gaining ground. It is being applied in the case of all philanthropic institutions; our hospitals and benevolent societies; our voluntary schools and pious foundations; our free libraries and museums; our drinking-fountains and public parks. Its spirit pervades our mild poor laws—mild to a fault; our Parliamentary Acts for the protection of labour, for the provision of healthy homes for the industrial classes, and the regard paid to sanitary reforms, our private charities and syste-

matic organisation, and numberless efforts put forth for assisting the maimed, the halt, and the blind, the wretched and the fallen; in fact, all efforts of the State and private individuals and associations to improve the condition and to prevent the ills of the less privileged members of society, even criminals, its enemies, are practically a voluntary Communism, an application of the funds of the wealthy for the benefit of the poor, a sort of sharing, so to speak, the "wealth of nations" among all, on the pattern of the early Christian Church.

Much has been done in this way; more remains yet to be done. But whatever will be done has to be done gradually—slowly, though surely. For the work of God in the world, the progress of Christianity in the heart, the improvement of social relations between man and man—all this is a work of slow growth; it is accomplished in the course of gradual development, not by sudden revolutionary changes, but in process of steady progress.

Agas may be required for this evolutionary process of maturing the moral, material, and spiritual forces of our common humanity until the final restitution of all things.

The edifice of society, constructed on this new foundation—the Christian basis—must of necessity be a long time in building. But the completion of the whole plan cannot be helped, though for a time it may be hindered by the pulling-down propensities of Communistic agitators on the one hand, and the obstructive measures of the advocates of stationary inaction on the other. The resultant, however, of the two antagonistic forces, both of them coeval with society itself, must be in the future as it has been in the past—Social Progress.

## LEGAL ANECDOTES.

### I.—JURIES AND JURYMEN.

WE do not suppose that any class of the community deserves more sympathy than jurymen. We do not mean the "grand jury," each member of which is a country gentleman, who is detained at the Assize town but a few hours, whose time is his own, who finds valuable opportunities of conferring with his brother justices and others when brought together at the Assizes, and who enjoys the splendid hospitality of the high sheriff; nor yet the "special jurymen," who is a banker, merchant, or "gentleman," and who has plenty of able substitutes to do his work when he is trying causes and being paid a guinea each action for doing so; but we speak of the "petty," or common jurymen, drawn from his farm or shop for a week or ten days together, having to pay his travelling expenses and his board and lodging at the Assize town, at a period when all charges are ruinously high, and being paid nothing for each prisoner he tries, and *eightpence* for each cause!

Jurymen, it would appear, have been treated hardly from very early times, and until quite recently the practice of starving them into a verdict was a reproach to the law. Directly the judge had summed up, however long and intricate the case had been, and however long they were likely to be considering it, until they actually gave their verdict the jury were to be kept "without meat, drink, or fire, candle-light excepted." We have, in an old volume

<sup>\*</sup> "History of Christianity," vol. i. p. 357. On the other hand, see "Conybeare and Howson's Life and Epistles of St. Paul," vol. i. p. 80, where the authors remark: "The Apostolic Church was in this respect in a healthier condition than the Church of modern days."

called "Dyer's Reports," an interesting illustration as to the extent to which this deprivation from food was carried, and of the serious consequences of the breach of it. A jury had retired to consider their verdict, and upon their return into court their bailiff informed the judge that some of them (which he could not say) had "eaten food" while locked up. Both bailiff and jury were sworn, and the pockets of the latter were examined, when it appeared that all had about them "pippins," of which "some of them confessed they had eaten, and the others said they had not." After a severe reprimand, those who had eaten were fined 12s. each, and they who had not were fined 6s. each, "for that they had them in their pockets."

More amusing is an earlier case solemnly decided by the Court of Queen's Bench in Hilary Term 6 Henry VIII. Lord Chief Justice Reed tried an action on the circuit, in which the jury were locked up, but before giving their verdict had eaten and drunk, which they all confessed. This being reported to the judge, he fined them each heavily, and took their verdict. Upon the sitting of the full court in London, a joint motion was made, first, to set aside the verdict for informality of trial, the jury having eaten when they should have fasted, and, secondly, to remit the fines under the peculiar circumstances of the case. The jury averred they had made up their minds in the case *before they ate*, and had returned into court with their verdict, but finding the Lord Chief Justice had "*run out to see a fray*," and knowing not when he might return, they had eaten and drunk. The court held the fines to be rightly imposed, but refused to disturb the verdict. It is not reported what was done with the judge for vacating the judgment-seat and hurrying to see a fray!

The whole law about jurymen not eating or drinking whilst deliberating upon their verdict is now altered by a late statute, and they may, by order of the court, have whatever they please, *at their own expense!*

It is often alleged against juries, that they are very stupid at times in their "finding," and there is certainly a good deal of truth in the allegation. The fine language sometimes addressed to them by the judge, utterly incomprehensible to men of their condition in life, and the long speeches of counsel, "throwing dust in their eyes," and drawing specious and unwarrantable inferences, are often more than anything else the cause of wrong verdicts. We have a good example as to how this was felt even in ancient times, recorded in a scarce little work, called, "A Guide to Jurymen," printed in 1560. "A certain man of the jury, when the case was over, so far as the examination of the witnesses went, rose and humbly prayed a boon of his lordship. 'Say thy say, man,' quoth the judge. The boon was, that now he and his fellows had heard all that could be in fact alleged, they might 'fall to,' and come to their opinion, or ever they were confused by the long and tiresome talk of counsellors. The judge sharply rebuked the silly man for his vanity, and after large discourse did sum up all the same case with many and long words, and did afterwards greatly fine the same jury for that they brought in a verdict different from his conceit of the case, whereat all laughed heartily save the honest man who had begged the boon."

Still there are not wanting instances of intense stupidity and sometimes of injustice on the part of

jurymen. We were present some years since at the trial of a man who was charged with stealing a piece of bacon from the prosecutor's shop. The prosecutor himself alleged that he was sitting in his little back parlour, and saw the prisoner enter his shop, take up the bacon, and put it in his pocket, and that as he was leaving the shop he came out and accused him of the theft, and gave him in charge of a policeman who passed at the time. Now here was a somewhat plain case of larceny. The prisoner asked but two questions, "Was there a window through which you saw me come into the shop and take the bacon?" "Yes." "Was it closed?" "Yes." "Then," said the culprit to the judge, in a tone of triumph, "the whole thing falls through, my lord; *he can't swear through glass.*" The judge, in his remarks to the jury, told them if they believed the evidence they must find the man guilty, but the intelligent twelve couldn't get over the "swearing through glass," and immediately acquitted the delinquent, who, leaving the dock, exclaimed, "Ah, Mr.—, when I come again to prig a bit of bacon I'll take good care of your little window."

In a murder case before Baron Parke, the judge told the jury that the evidence of any malice was very slight, and that they could, if they chose, find the prisoner guilty of manslaughter. "Just," added his lordship, "as in an indictment for child murder you may acquit the woman of murder and find her guilty of concealing the birth of the child." The jury deliberated long and carefully, and eventually came into court with a verdict of "Concealment of birth."

Justice Maule once tried a grievous case of wounding. The prisoner quarrelled with the prosecutor, and, drawing a large clasp knife, held him to the ground, gashed him most horribly, and he was with great difficulty cured of the dreadful wound. The counsel who defended the prisoner told the jury that although the indictment charged the offence as being "with intent to kill and murder," and "with intent to do grievous bodily harm," they could, under a recent statute, find the prisoner guilty of "unlawful wounding," which was a misdemeanor. Said Maule, in summing up, "Gentlemen, if you think the prisoner knocked the prosecutor down, drew his knife, stabbed and cut him in such a manner that his clothes were divided with the violence of the act, his abdomen ripped up, and his intestines made to issue from the wound in such manner as that the doctor tells you only the mercy of God has enabled him to appear here this day, merely without any ill feeling, and more as an accident than anything else, you will say it is unlawful wounding." The jury construed this sarcastic remark of the judge as a direction to them, and instantly returned a verdict of "unlawful wounding."

Baron Alderson once tried a civil action in which the plaintiff had had his ribs broken and his skull fractured by the defendant. The facts were unanswerable, and the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, with £1 damages. "We won't try any more causes with this jury," said the Baron. "Call another." And as they left the box he quietly added, "Go home, gentlemen, and as you value your heads and ribs at £1, I hope you may find some liberal purchasers on your journey!"

We have one more anecdote about jurymen worth telling. At the Winchester Assizes, in the winter of 1855, two men were tried before Baron Parke for



poaching. It was observed that some difficulty was experienced in getting a jury, the prisoners' counsel objecting to one after another jurymen called. At length twelve were empanelled, and the trial proceeded. The facts were plain, the prisoners being taken in the very act. When the evidence was over, the learned gentleman who defended submitted that there was no case against his clients, and urged some most frivolous objections to the evidence. The judge was impatient, the counsel warm, and warmer as the argument went on, eventually observing that in his opinion there was no case to "go to the jury," and he declined to address them. The judge shortly summed up, and the jury immediately returned a verdict of "not guilty." Every one was electrified, and the jury, as in our last anecdote, dismissed from the trial of any further cases. Leaving court in the afternoon, we encountered one of the "perverse" twelve quietly smoking his pipe outside the hall, and, after a remark or two about the weather, asked the comfortable old fellow how it was they gave such a verdict. "Well," was the cool reply, "our Recorder, he said he thought the law was on prisoners' side, and t'other judge from Lunnon, he said it warn't; and our Recorder, he said he thought the men weren't guilty, and t'other old man from Lunnon said he thought they were, and it wasn't likely we was going against our Recorder, and we weren't going to see him bullied neither, so we gave him the verdict." It is hardly necessary to add that the learned counsel for the prisoners, being Recorder for Portsmouth, had "packed" a jury of Portsmouth men.

A remark has often been made by *habitués* of courts of justice that the judges talk in too learned a strain to the juries who are assisting them. This is undoubtedly true in many instances. The judge is by education, general and special, a different individual from any one of the jury, and we know an excellent ex-member of the Bench who dreadfully confused juries by small Latin quotations introduced into his summing-up, and utterly unintelligible to the majority of the "gentlemen," and who was also always wont, when the jury were considering their verdict, and it was necessary through press of time to call another sacred twelve, to say, "Gentlemen, do not allow me to precipitate your deliberations, but if your cogitation is likely to be protracted, the court will direct you to retire, and proceed with another portion of the panel."

Very different, however, have been other judges in this particular. They have attempted to make everything as plain as possible. Justice Burroughs was an eminent instance of this. After a prolonged argument upon the goodness of the pleading in a record in which a "consequential issue" was contained, he addressed the jury thus: "You have been patiently hearing the learned counsel and myself talk for some time about a 'consequential issue,' gentlemen, and I don't suppose that you know what a consequential issue is; but I dare say you do know what a game of skittles is, and know also that if you can properly roll your ball against one of the nine-pins in a right direction that pin tumbles down, and knocks all the other eight after it. Now, gentlemen, this count in the declaration, called a consequential issue, is just like that first nine-pin, and if we can bowl it over, as we have done, all the other causes of action fall to the ground also. You must find a verdict for the defendant."



### THE ROUND OF LIFE.

THE year rolls round, with many a cloudy morn  
That slowly ushers in the coming day;  
We wake from sleep of dim forgetfulness,  
Or aimless dreams, the soul's wild wandering,  
To rise, and meet the old familiar tasks  
That with the morning light resume their place,  
And call on us to give them patient heed  
And thoughtful toil; and so the short-lived hours  
Pass quickly by, whilst we are plodding on;  
And soon the dusky shades descend again  
To cradle us within the arms of night.

The year rolls round, with other days than these,  
With days that break the calm monotony;  
Seasons of hope, and fear, and joy, and grief,  
When the deep-flowing waters of the heart  
Come swelling to the surface; when each pulse  
Beats with a full and quick reality.  
Yet these, too, have an end;—again the tide  
Of quiet sameness ripples o'er our life,  
And so the year advances to its close.  
And lo! another year before us stands,  
And fain our eager minds would question it:  
"What bringest thou?" Ah! know we not full well  
It brings the same old days, the same old tasks,  
Yea, the same joys and griefs, though clothed, perchance,  
In other forms; and so our life goes by,  
And "few and evil" are our days at best.  
The year rolls by, and though our little life  
Be as a spark, that for a moment gleams  
And then is quenched, out of that little spark  
A soul looks forth upon the moving host,  
With steadfast gaze still measuring the past,  
And glancing on to those that yet shall come.  
It marks the rise of nations, and their strife,  
The war, the desolation, and the curse;  
The good so slow, so long developing,  
The evil bursting like the thunder's crash,  
And crowding wrongs into a moment's space;  
Nor dares it hope that future years shall bring  
Immunity from crime and suffering;  
For till He come who maketh all things new,  
What has been shall be.

Yet through all the years  
One great and changeless working shows itself,  
Gleaming athwart the clouds of sin and woe,  
With the bright glow of immortality;  
But intertwined and woven in so close  
With human things, that oft our feeble sight  
Fails to discern it; yet 'tis ever there,  
Out of the complex and corrupted mass  
Shaping a new creation; day by day  
Clasping fresh objects in its firm embrace,  
Its wondrous circle ever widening,  
Until He come whose hand hath wrought the whole,  
To crown it with completion! O for eyes  
Divinely touched, its glories to perceive!  
O for a vision free from earthly stain  
To trace its all-triumphant way! O let  
Thy work appear unto Thy servants, Lord!  
And let its beauty shine into our hearts,  
And let us count each day a precious thing,  
Because that ceaseless work hath hallowed it!

Yet not alone with rapt and wondering gaze  
Would we behold its progress; give us, Lord,  
A part in it! O purge our hearts, our hands,  
Our lips, our every power, that we may share  
Thy blessed toil; open our eyes to see  
In all Thy hand appoints for us to do  
Gleams of its radiance: thus our life no more  
Shall seem but as a vain and aimless thing,  
But as a priceless gift—the right and power  
To view and share the glories of Thy work!

—From the "Friend."

GERALDINE STOCK.

## Varieties.

**BISMARCK'S BELIEF.**—I cannot conceive how a man can live without a belief in a revelation, in a God who orders all things for the best, in a Supreme Judge from whom there is no appeal, and in a future life. If I were not a Christian, I should not remain at my post for a single hour. If I did not rely on God Almighty, I should not put my trust in princes. I have enough to live on, and am sufficiently genteel and distinguished without the Chancellor's office. Why should I go on working indefatigably, incurring trouble and annoyance, unless convinced that God has ordained me to fulfil these duties? If I were not persuaded that this German nation of ours, in the divinely appointed order of things, is destined to be something great and good, I should throw up the diplomatic profession this very moment. Orders and titles to me have no attraction. The firmness I have shown in combating all manner of absurdities for ten years past is solely derived from faith. Take away my faith and you destroy my patriotism. But for my strict and literal belief in the truths of Christianity, but for my acceptance of the miraculous groundwork of religion, you would not have lived to see the sort of Chancellor I am. Find me a successor as firm a believer as myself, and I will resign at once. But I live in a generation of pagans. I have no desire to make proselytes, but am constrained to confess my faith. If there is among us any self-denial and devotion to king and country, it is a remnant of religious belief unconsciously clinging to our people from the days of their sires. For my own part I prefer a rural life to any other. Rob me of the faith that unites me to God and I return to Varzin to devote myself industriously to the production of rye and oats.

**A NIGHT WITH EDISON.**—Under this title a writer in "Scribner's Monthly" gives some account of the inventor Edison. He was born in 1847. There is prospect of a long life of invention before him, since his father is still a hale old gentleman, who had two immediate ancestors who survived, one to the age of one hundred and two, the other to one hundred and three. Of regular schooling Edison the inventor had no more than two months in his life. At twelve he began the world as train-boy on the Grand Trunk Railroad of Canada and Central Michigan. While still selling newspapers he fitted up an old springless baggage carriage as a sort of laboratory, and while the car bumped rudely along conducted the experiments of a chemist. He was an omnivorous reader, and set himself, in blind belief in books, to read through the public library at Detroit, into which his train carried him, beginning with a dusty lower shelf; and thus he worked through fifteen feet of volumes before he learned to discriminate among books. It would appear that he has a crop of inventions in growth at his house, an hour out of New York. He looks like a mechanic; his dark hair tinged with grey falls over the forehead in a mop, and his hands are stained with acids. His endurance is enormous. Once when a machine would not work aright he laboured at it for sixty hours and then slept for thirty. He has called his children, one Dot, the other Dash, after the symbols of the telegraphic alphabet.

**ASSYRIAN BRONZES.**—At the Society of Biblical Archaeology a paper was read on the opening night of the session 1878-79, by Mr. Theophilus G. Pinches, the late Mr. George Smith's successor as Dr. Birch's assistant in the department of Oriental Antiquities at the British Museum. It was on "The Bronze Gates of Shalmaneser III.," lately discovered by Mr. Hormuzd Rassam at Balawat. The locality and the monuments were very fully described in the "Times" shortly after the arrival of the antiquities at the British Museum in the begin-

ning of August. The bronzes, which in the article referred to were simply designated as "trophies," have since been recognised as belonging to two pairs of gates. The merit of the identification belongs to Mr. Ready, the skilled artificer attached to the British Museum department, to whose province it belonged to cleanse the bronze fragments, to piece them together, and to nail them with the original nails upon wood of the same thickness as had been used for the purpose when this unique monument was first set up about twenty-eight centuries ago. He then began to see that the larger set of bronze plates formed the coverings of a pair of enormous folding doors rectangularly shaped. Each leaf was about 22 ft. long and 6 ft. broad. They had evidently turned on pivots, which had actually reached the Museum, although the sockets in which they moved had unfortunately been left behind. At the top they were supported by strong rings fixed in the masonry. The body of the door was of wood three inches in thickness, as measured by the nails used by the Assyrians to nail the plates of bronze on the wood. For these nails were clinched just 1-16th of an inch, which is the thickness of the plates themselves, over and above three inches from their heads. Each door turned on a circular post about a foot thick. Around the doorstep the bronze plates, 8 ft. long in all, lapped to the extent of a couple of feet, leaving 6 ft. as the width of each door between its post and what is technically termed its "style." This "style" was also edged with bronze, the vertical inscription furnishing the text, to which the designs in *repoussé* work on the horizontal plates, representing Shalmaneser's battles, sieges, triumphal processions, the cruelties inflicted on his foes, and his worship of the gods, supplied the illustrative scenes. The "style" inscription leaves no doubt as to the monarch whose history is recorded.—*Times*.

**ASSIZE OF BREAD.**—It was once the common usage in English towns and manors to fix the price of bread by the price of wheat, leaving a fair profit to the baker and miller. Overcharge was heavily punished. In our days of competition and free trade this ancient usage may not be possible, but the press might help to protect the public from inordinate prices. Inspectors appointed to prevent adulteration of flour, and to secure just weight, ought to be more efficient.

**ENGLISH SCENERY AND TRAVEL.**—Of all European countries England itself is the most neglected. The inveterate idler will seek another London at the seaside, but few will venture a tour amid the rich and peaceful inland scenery of their native land. We rush to the Alps for pure air and for grand scenery, though we hardly give ourselves time to appreciate or understand it; we hurry away to Scotland for sport and for healthful exercise in a bracing but uncertain climate; we travel far and wide towards every point of the compass; but the scenery of England, rich in every charm for the taste, the sentiment, and the imagination, is as little known to many of us as the remotest portions of the earth's surface.

**IS ROMANISM INCREASING IN ENGLAND?**—In an article in the "Contemporary Review" Mr. Gladstone gave reasons for doubting that Roman Catholicism is making way in this country. "As for statistics," he says, "they are obstinately stationary. The fraction of Roman Catholics in the population of this country, as computed from the yearly returns of marriages, has for a generation past been between 5 and 4 per cent., and out of this small proportion by far the larger portion, probably not less than five-sixths, are of Irish birth. The slight variation observable has on the whole been rather downwards than upwards. The fraction itself, which approached 5 per cent. in 1854, now rises little above 4. There is, in short, no sign that an impression has been made on the mass of the British nation."

**DOCTORS' FEES.**—During a newspaper discussion about doctors' fees, the following anecdotes were recalled. Sir Astley Cooper is said to have made £21,000 in one year by the practice of his profession. Such a sum could hardly have been amassed in a year by guinea fees, even allowing for travelling fees and operations. His usual fee for a consultation was five guineas, for the wealthy City merchants who consulted him at his residence in Broad Street generally paid by cheque, and disdained to trouble their bankers by drawing a smaller sum. A good story illustrating the same point is told of Sir Richard Jebb, who received a fee of three guineas from a nobleman from whom he expected five. The wary physician dropped the coins on the ground and called his servant to pick them up. "There must be two still on the ground," he said as they were handed to him, "for I have only three." It is hardly necessary to add that the missing coins were found by the doctor and lost by the noble patient before the latter left the room.